

The Evening World.

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THE STAMPEDE.

LEGISLATURES of seven more States ratified the bone-dry amendment to the Federal Constitution yesterday. Six more are needed to make the thirty-six ratifications required. The vote of the California Legislature for Nation-wide prohibition, contrary to popular sentiment toward prohibition in that State expressed by popular vote, is one of the best demonstrations yet of the astounding inconsistency of processes by which the country is being forced into repudiation of principles upon which its institutions and government rest.

Lobbies have stampeded Legislatures into a blind dash for national prohibition. If that dash is not halted American ideals of personal freedom, self-regulation and State sovereignty will have to be surrendered.

That the prohibition forces are desperately working to turn the trick before many more troops return from abroad, there can be no doubt.

For their own purposes, prohibition workers are wise in this haste. It has been pointed out more than once that hundreds of thousands of intelligent young Americans are coming back from Europe with their views regarding national prohibition strongly influenced by enlarged observation and experience. In France they have come into close contact with a thrifty, industrious, high-souled people who drink wine without becoming drunkards and who manage to keep most of the places where wine and spirits are sold from becoming nurseries of vice and crime.

Alcohol has made its ravages in France as everywhere else. But one thing is certain: American soldiers returning from France will bring little testimony to support the view that a people as a whole need be any the less sound, strong, self-reliant or heroic because it has not turned itself over as a nation to a bone-dry contingent.

The movement for national prohibition in the United States was quick to take full advantage of the spirit of a Nation tense with the unwonted effort of war.

The prohibitionists have exploited that spirit to the utmost in seeking to give prohibition a permanent Federal power and scope. With a return to more normal conditions, however, the country is coming out of its daze.

Whatever State Legislatures are doing, a popular referendum at this moment would show that Americans in all parts of the United States, whatever their feeling regarding prohibition as heretofore voted and enforced by communities and commonwealths, are beginning to recognize with misgiving that the national prohibition into which they are being rushed is a very different matter from the and State prohibition which is at least a consistent, logical working out of their principles of self-government.

In letters received by The Evening World on the subject of Nation-wide prohibition, nothing is more striking than the number of prohibitionists and total abstainers who declare themselves nevertheless opposed to a sweeping imposition of the bone-dry idea upon the entire country.

They begin, like many others, to grasp the fact that the issue is not prohibition but national prohibition.

They see no reason why local freedom of choice should be overruled.

They see no reason why saloons cannot be lifted from depths to which they have sunk, why the liquor evil cannot still be fought, without a ruthless invasion of personal rights throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Even if the National Prohibition Amendment is ratified by the necessary number of State Legislatures, there are signs that when it comes to consider Federal legislation to give the amendment full effect Congress may find itself forced to head formidable popular pronouncements on the matter.

The stampede continues. But in the midst of it good, sound American sense is beginning to get its bearings and speak out.

Letters From the People

Unorganized Labor Will Demand Higher Wages in Vain.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your correspondent, H. Schindler, takes occasion to commend your editorial of Dec. 16 entitled "Unorganized Labor," by way of which he says:

"It is inconceivable that the leaders of organized labor and its members cannot see farther than to fight solely for their own interests. The higher their wages the higher the cost of living and the greater the dissatisfaction of the general populace."

Now, it is a fact that there never was a boost in wages gained by or-

ganized labor but that unorganized labor gained a boost in wages also, so that organized labor is really fighting not for itself alone but for unorganized labor as well, and unorganized labor ought to have the fairness to admit it.

As to higher costs being a consequence of higher wages, the general order is rather just the reverse. The higher costs come first as a result of profiteering, and labor, in order to live, is forced to demand higher compensation. It goes without saying that it will demand it quite in vain if it is unorganized.

C. H. B.
New York, Dec. 24.

Hits From Sharp Wits

It will be interesting to see how German historians will write the war.

—Albany Journal.

Among the revivals of the season look for the old song, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."—Philadelphia Record.

It isn't good policy to tire one's self to-day by worrying about tomorrow's work.—Toledo Blade.

To those who have achieved greatness it does not seem so great.—Albany Journal.

He parlied a kiss when she wasn't looking. "Stolen sweets are sweetest," he apologized. "You put that right back where you found it," she exclaimed.—Philadelphia Record.

Many frauds are committed in the name of pie.—Toledo Blade.

Holding Out!

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By J. H. Cassel



How to Be a Better Salesman The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

By Roy Griffith

The Evening World's Authority on Successful Salesmanship.

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Mr. Griffith's salesmanship column is published on this page daily.

Instructive articles like today's alternate with answers to questions which salesmen readers of The Evening World are invited to ask Mr. Griffith by letter. Address him in care of this newspaper.

"FIRST CATCH YOUR RABBIT"

THIS is an article about bright ideas. Some salesmen have lots of them. Sometimes they work. As a salesman and an executive I have acquired a rather comprehensive collection of ideas that won't work. I have found a few that will, I believe, though, that it is better to have ideas that won't work than not to have any ideas at all.

The recipe for developing a plan that will be successful in the business world is about the same as that for making rabbit stew. You will remember that the latter recipe starts out something like this: "First catch your rabbit." Now, a rabbit is concrete. You know that when you catch him the preparation of a successful stew is a foregone conclusion.

In the same way, to develop a plan for the increase of business you must first catch your idea. It must be a concrete, practical, usable idea. It may be ever so clever, but if it doesn't "ring the cash register" it's no good. It may be absurdly simple—most brilliant at all. But if it gets the business it's worth while.

The above goes for advertising as well as personal selling. Anything is good which gets the business. Anything which does not is worthless. And the final test of the worth of an idea is, "Will it work?"

"I have an idea," a salesman once explained to a friend. "You'd better keep it," replied the friend. "You may never have another one." There are some salesmen who never seem to have a single original idea of their own. They are mere puppets on the stage of life, brought into action only when some one else pulls the strings. These are the ones who, at forty-five or fifty, complain bitterly that they "never had a chance."

The only reason for not having ideas is that the idealess man doesn't use his mental power. The man who uses his brain is the only man who can ever hope to win out in the long run.

There is such a thing, however, as being too clever. Given my choice between two salesmen, one who was

salesmanship which he can study while convalescing. It has occurred to me that some of you might like to give this boy a lift by sending him any good books on salesmanship which you may happen to have handy. He hasn't asked me to do this, but—well, he's in the hospital and he wants them. Any such books sent to me in care of this paper will be forwarded to him.

Uncle Henry Writes of Mud Creek and Mormonism.

"I SEE there's a letter from our rural relative, Uncle Henry, as well as a country boy printing office handbill advertising Uncle Henry's after-the-war commercial enterprise—vending Mud Creek's Healing Waters," remarked Mr. Jarr. "Well, you can take his letter and read it," said Mrs. Jarr, arising from the breakfast table without interrupting an "excuse me."

The Office Force

By Bide Dudley

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Bobbie, the Office Boy, Starts Something.

"WELL," said Popple, the shipping clerk, as he opened his big book, "the peace delegates are conferring. Wonder if they'll finally agree!"

"Sure, they will," said Bobbie, the office boy.

"What makes you so positive?"

"There ain't any women among them."

Miss Primm, private secretary to the boss, swung around in her chair and faced him. "That's an insult," she snapped. "Women agree much more readily than men, I'll have you know."

"Not when it comes to weighty questions," said Popple, quietly.

"I don't agree with you," replied Miss Primm.

"There you are!" chuckled Bobbie. "Don't that prove what I said? They're just like dried apples and water. They never agree with anybody."

"That's a pretty comparison. I must say," said Miss Tillie, the blonde stenographer, with a snuff. "Dried apples may agree with Bobbie, but it's evident water doesn't. Look at those hands."

"Very good, Miss Tillie!" said Miss Primm with a smile.

"Those hands were white an hour ago, but I had to clean Miss Primm's desk," said Bobbie.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am untidy?" demanded Miss Primm.

"Look at those hands!" chuckled Bobbie.

"Well, why don't you wash them?" asked Miss Tillie.

"What's the use? Gotta clean your desk before I go home."

"Say, look a'here, kid," snapped the blonde. "I'll tip you off to some thing. My desk isn't nearly as dirty

as some others in this room. You can just—"

"Well, I like that," came from Miss Primm. "Are you hinting my way, Miss Tillie?"

"Very good, Miss Tillie!" said Bobbie.

Miss Primm was about to tear into him again when Spooner, the mild little bookkeeper, spoke up.

"Come now," he began. "Let's be pleasant this morning. Change the subject. What's the latest from the former Kaiser?"

"He reminds me of a tin Lizzie," said Bobbie.

"What do you mean?"

"He's a German flivver."

"Not so bad, kid!" said Popple.

"Why do they call little cars flivvers?" asked Miss Tillie. "My brother had one and it ran beautifully, although it did rattle."

"Probably a rattling good car," suggested Bobbie.

"That joke is as old as the hills," said Miss Tillie.

"Hello, folks!" said Mr. Snooks, as he entered. "It's a fine morning."

"Indeed it is, Mr. Snooks," said Miss Primm sweetly.

"Oh, by the way," said the boss, stopping on his way to his private office, you know that joke I told you, Bobbie, about an auto that rattled being a rattling good car?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Just for fun my daughter sent it to the comic paper, Snudge, and it was accepted. How's that, folks?"

"You certainly are original, Mr. Snooks," said Miss Primm.

As the boss disappeared in his room, Bobbie went outside to indulge in a good laugh.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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Greater Than All Other Power Is the Sublime Optimism of Man, for It Makes Him Ruler of the World

BELOVED, I pray thee consider—WHAT is so beautiful, so wonderful, so transcendent as Man's Optimism?

For lo, the original Pessimist was a woman!

But the sons of Adam have been the apostles of "sweetness and light" since ever the first man believed that he could eat of the forbidden apple and escape punishment by means of a convincing "explanation" and a "good excuse."

Behold, in the eyes of a man nothing on earth which he wisheth to do is "impossible;" nothing which he desireth is unattainable, and nothing which he believeth SHOULD be "unreasonable."

Verily, verily, his Optimism is incurable! And experience never proveth to him that he is wrong—but only that he is "unlucky!"

My Daughter, knowest thou a man who doth not believe that he can annihilate space and get ANYWHERE on earth in exactly "ten minutes?"

For in his sublime and beautiful faith he KNOWETH that there will always be a taxicab awaiting him, or that he will "just catch" the subway express, and that nothing shall delay him.

What though he arriveth twenty minutes late at the office upon five mornings of the week?

Yet will he linger until the last moment upon the sixth morning in order to "prove" unto thee that he can "make it" in a quarter of an hour!

What though hot muffins disagree with him fifty-six mornings in succession?

Yet will he joyfully devour hot muffins upon the fifty-seventh morning in the hope that he hath been mistaken!

What though his wife catcheth him in ninety-nine fies and offereth him affidavits in black-and-white to prove it?

Yet will he continue confidently to fib unto her in the undaunted belief that she will swallow the hundredth!

What though he loseth his fortune unto seven times seven times in the poker game?

Yet will he cheerfully demand his "revenge" and set out to fleece the deacons at the next sitting!

What though he dallyeth in the game of love and playeth at the game of flirtation?

Yet nothing can convince him that a woman doth not ALWAYS take him seriously!

For his faith in WOMAN'S LOVE is the ultimate pinnacle of his Optimism, and no power on earth can persuade him that any woman on whom HE hath set his heart could possibly fail to respond! Neither, that once having WON her love, he could by any chance or magic lose it!

Oh, sublime, glorious, radiant, incomparable masculine OPTIMISM! Would that Woman might possess one tithe of it!

For, with it, she TOO might make of the world her football, of man her door-mat, of circumstances her paper-hoop, and of life a long and joyous toboggan slide!

Selah!

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special train made up of two flats, one box car and one gondola, all empty. It looked good to see a big train like that going through. It's a sign of after-the-war prosperity for the farmers, and shows already how helpful Government ownership of railroads is to the farming districts.

"Mink Mills, over the State line, has shut down. Some say on account of ammunition making being stopped, and some say on account of low water this winter.

"Personally," so the letter ran, "I don't consider dyspepsia a bad disease for the farmer, for it prevents over-eating, and in these days a farmer can get such prices for his food products that it seems sinful wastefulness to see them being let at the table. But I recommend Mud Creek's Healing Waters before meals, in all cases, because when you drink the waters you won't want no meals.

"Another great virtue of Mud Creek's Healing Waters, of which I am sole agent, is that they won't freeze even in the coldest weather, and as such can be used in automobiles to prevent them from freezing. It is also good for automobiles in summer as it will eat the rust out of radiators.

"Aunt Hetty won't take the waters, and complains of misery from sciatica, and she groans so all night that I'm suffering from want of sleep. But she don't seem to care, for the older women gets the selfish they is.

"That's why, if yore Aunt Hetty should be called from this vale of sorrow, I'd get me a young woman as a second wife.

"Cad Dogberry's oldest gal offered to come work for us, but I don't want to encourage your Aunt Hetty in the mortal error that she can't do her own work. Besides, no young strong woman will come work for nothing in your house, and not want to be paid for her work, unless you marry 'em.

"It ain't moral to do that when yore first wife is livin', except among the Mormons.

"If I was a younger man I might think of being a Mormon. There is points in their religion that appeals. I go by what them old patriarchs did in the Good Book. But I happened to hint at it to your Aunt Hetty, and she laughed in my face. All women is got some heathen in them."

Mr. Jarr closed Uncle Henry's letter and mused over the simple virtues of those grown old in Arcady.